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OBSTACLES IN LITERATURE.

Discouraging elements exist in every sphere of human effort. Indeed perfect development is often conditioned upon misfortune. Especially does this appear to be true in the realm of literature. It is our purpose in this article to notice several of the unhappy elements constantly encountered in the lives of authors that modify and shape their labors, and that may properly be termed obstacles in literature. For the author's life is inseparable from his profession. Whatever affects the former affects the latter as well. Disturb the fountain and the effect is visible throughout the course of the stream which arises from it. The current may be thus increased or diminished, made purer or contaminated; that there is an effect produced is the emphatic point. It remains to enumerate and discuss several of the disturbing forces apparent in the literary profession. Afterwards we may

consider the more general classes of obstacles or hindrances that appear in literature.

One of the former is the curse of poverty, that so often fastens its crushing hand upon the noblest and best in every sphere. Possessors of the brightest genius have often suffered from its blighting touch. It may be felt in other vocations too; yet there is an apparent unfitness in its appearance here. But while recognized merit in other callings is properly paid in dollars and cents, the reverse is true in the case of authors. Erskine, in the early part of his legal career, suffered from poverty, it is true; yet he attained to opulence with his eminence. Goldsmith, in the height of his powers, was embarrassed from an inability to pay his rent; for he died poor, as the world knows. For his military valor the Duke of Wellington was elevated to the peerage and covered with emoluments. Milton was paid a paltry five pounds for "*Paradise Lost*," and in his old age suffered the distresses of indigence. Churchyard, the "mendicant author," had inscribed to him the epitaph—

"Poverty and poetry his tomb doth enclose."

Massinger was buried by the hand of charity. And it was Tom Nash who pathetically complained that he was "despised and neglected, and in the prime of his wit laid open to poverty."

It is not pleasant to think of Hood suffering for the comforts of life in London; of Poe wandering in poverty through the streets of Baltimore, or of the author of "*Sweet Home*" dying among strangers, himself homeless and penniless. Yet such are facts. Three-fourths of the authors of the world, estimates a writer in *Scribner's*, have been forced to struggle for their daily bread. Their labor has thus been converted into drudgery, with all the toil and few of the pleasures of their profession. Underpaid and poorly protected in the enjoyment of the pecuniary rewards rightly due them, they have worked on at an immense disadvantage compared with their compeers in other walks of life. The stream has thus been dried at the fountain; and literature has suffered from the pains of its creators.

The gems in the "unfathomed caves of ocean" remain forever beneath the surface, because the genial sunlight of heaven never illuminates and denotes their position.

And yet the effect of the hindrance referred to has not been altogether unhappy or pernicious. Every obstacle encountered in authorship draws the line more sharply and clearly between the gold and the dross. Poverty, like fire, may purify. It may repress the worthless element and render more distinct the worthy and good. And by rendering the struggle for existence in literature more severe, it in a measure insures the survival of the fittest only. Besides, poverty necessitates a struggle; and a contest implies a victory. Poverty also gives a closer sympathy with the toiling millions, and prepares for a nearer communion with the spirit that breathes through them. The "poetry of the soil" has always emanated from the genius of the poor. Burns' melodies would have lost their charm had he written in the court circles of London instead of in the humble cottage of Ayrshire. Hood could not have written the "Bridge of Sighs" or the "Song of the Shirt," had he not himself experienced life among the lowly. Goldsmith would never have written the "Deserted Village" had he not experienced and deeply felt the pathetic existence of the humble and laboring poor.

A second repressive element in literature is the critical judgment of the masses which authors are compelled to face as a picket-fire, which is often inconsistent with true canons of taste, and which constantly smiles upon the false and frowns upon the true. Merit may be crushed by criticism. It may never even assert itself, from fear of unfriendly attack. And while it is sometimes claimed that "Mute Miltons" are a myth, that genius is irrepressible, nevertheless many a fair plant will wither and perish from frost, that would thrive in a sunny and genial atmosphere. And the long line of authors who have suffered from the source named—Kirk White, Keats, and hundreds more—proves that the malevolent element referred to is a positive existence.

Literature may be viewed apart from those who create and

mould it. Thus considered, a decided obstacle to its healthful growth appears at the present day in the trash literature everywhere springing up, with the consequent lowering of literary taste among the masses. The blessings of a cheap literature may be counteracted by the curse of a comparatively worthless one. The extra-sentimental novels, catch-penny flash prints, and more than worthless periodicals that are filling our bookstores and news-rooms to overflowing, are destroying the capability of the reading public to digest solid, intellectual food, and are putting true literature at a rapidly-increasing discount. There is thus danger that the diamond and chrysolite may be buried from sight under a pile of rubbish. Or rather, there is danger that the choice flowers in the garden of our growing literature may be choked and smothered by a luxuriance of worthless weeds.

Literature, in common with other human creations, is mutable and mortal. The apparent exception in the case of the ancient classics only proves the rule. And undoubtedly many of the choicest treasures of the Grecian and Roman literature have perished forever. Much might be written upon the vanity as well as the blessings of literature. Recall the national literatures that have flourished for a few ages, and then passed from sight. How much is practically known at the present of the Indian, Celtic or Norse literatures? And compared with its gigantic proportions, how much of our own literature is found to stand the test of two centuries of criticism? How many of our brightest authors will be familiarly known and studied, say two thousand years hence? The number will be small. That other earthly existences meet the same misfortune does not destroy the relevancy of a reflection upon the transitoriness of literary fame. But in this day of an especial superfluity of books the reflection is peculiarly appropriate. The first snow-flakes upon the hard, bare ground may long remain individually distinct; but when the earth is covered with its fleecy mantle the descending crystals are visible but a moment before they disappear in a common mass. If another St. Paul's were erected in this age, under the same conditions as its model, it would probably stand the same

length of time, a monument of some second Christopher Wren. But if another epic of equal worth with the *Iliad* were written in this generation, it would perish ages before the work of Homer, and simply because its struggle for immortality would be more severe. In fact, the reputation of an average nineteenth century author is about the most ephemeral thing in existence. It is a meteor, flashing through the sky; a moment of light, an instant of appearance, a quick display, and it is lost forever from the field of vision. Here, then, is another unhappy element in literature.

Finally, a broader view may be taken of literature with regard to the obstacles to its growth and perfect development. We may view it in its national or cosmopolitan character. This phase of the subject can receive but brief treatment here. It is evident, however, that a landscape may be studied either by examining its individual characteristics, or by determining their general effect. In the history of every literature instances appear where the cause of letters has been now stimulated, now discouraged by general influences of a social, religious or political nature. It is impossible, for instance, not to observe that in China there is a conservative national spirit that has prevented all progress in its literature, and kept the latter in a quiet, stagnant state for thirty centuries. In Spain and Portugal literature lost whatever glory it possessed when the influence and authority of a bigoted priesthood became supreme. The literary stagnation of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in England was due almost entirely to the gross darkness then prevailing within the Church. These may be termed *religious* hindrances. Political influences may also depress a literature. The Wars of the Roses, and their effect upon literature in sapping the vital energies and with them the intellectual life of the people, is a familiar example. To a certain extent the same may be said of the English Revolution.

But we are not pessimistic in our estimate of the elements in literary development. Much may be said of the blessings and glories in its production and growth. We are simply not to

deal with these. In nature darkness and sunshine alternate; and it is well that we are compelled often to sit in the shadows of night, for by the experience we can the better enjoy the full glories of the day. And, after all, authors do not need to be told that their mission is noble and their lot exalted. They are all surrounded by circles, large or small, of admirers and disciples. They all wield an influence—who shall say how extended? It is an influence that may reach to eternity. “The ill which other men do,” says one of them, “for the most part dies with them. But we are links in a vast chain which stretches from the dawn of time to the consummation of all things, and unconsciously receive and transmit a subtle influence.” Happy those, then, whose influence has been ennobling, purifying, and who

“Dying, leave no line they wish to blot.”

Their names shall be written on the hearts of a grateful posterity, and best of all, inscribed upon the walls of Heaven.

POE'S TALES.

The most accurate and complete estimate of Poe's natural and acquired powers, of the merits and blemishes of his style, is to be gotten from his tales. Upon them he lavishes all the wealth of his imagination. In his minor writings, the style is often faulty, abounding in abrupt, and sometimes even incorrect, sentences; but here, each sentence has been carefully formed, and the whole moves along with clearness and elegance. The style seems so natural that the reader is apt to forget it in the thought; and yet it is unsurpassed in its vivid word-painting, and its portrayal of the gloomy emotions of the heart.

His tales, even more than his poetry, are characterized by the subjective nature of his mind. Besides continually meeting with flashes of subjective truth, the whole tale is often an illustration

of some mental phenomenon. This intense subjectivity can nowhere be better seen than in a study of his characters. There is no grouping of them, such as we find in Hawthorne and others, but each is studied separately, and the effects of circumstances, rather than the interaction of character are shown. Nor are they full, rounded, life characters, but studies of special features of character. Indeed, in one case, he avows that to have been his aim. "In 'The Murders of the Rue Morgue,'" says he, "I endeavored to depict some very remarkable features in my friend Dupin." He has no outside character. They are all the embodiments of some feature of his own nature, and when they speak they are giving us an insight into Poe's inner life. One of his characters somewhere speaks of "a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me as a fiend," and who that is familiar with Poe's life cannot see the light it throws upon his character? It was this that rendered him incapable of sustained effort alike in poetry and fiction, and made his life so checkered with various undertakings.

The tales vary greatly in their character. His earlier ones are marked by a wealth of imagination, and the latter ones by the acuteness of their analysis. But they are all pervaded by that gloom which so characterizes his poetry. "The Fall of the House of Usher," is an excellent illustration of this. It is a panorama of gloomy word-paintings from beginning to end, and when the tale is finished, the soul seems overpowered with the weight of gloom.

Poe is represented as a shy, solitary person, fond of rambling through the woods, or of sitting on a favorite stump, down near the banks of the Hudson, and there watching for hours the changing glories of the summer sky. A study of his tales shows that they are visions of these hours of soliloquy. But it should not be supposed that they are wandering and vague as dreams usually are. On the contrary, there seems to be a method in his dreaming, and all of his tales are characterized by the greatest unity and minuteness of detail.

Several of these tales are remarkable for the poems which they contain. Lowell considers the poem in "The Fall of the

House of Usher" to be the finest Poe ever wrote; and "The Conqueror Worm," one of these gems within gems, is universally admired for its dramatic representation of despair.

His analytical tales are no less remarkable than his imaginative. They were the first specimens of American literature to gain popularity in France; and for the ordinary reader they are the most interesting of Poe's writings. They excite the intensest interest, and at the same time afford the keenest mental enjoyment. The problem is given. It is a labyrinth of events, and seems incapable of solution; yet there is a thread leading through the whole which unravels the mystery. The object of these tales, Poe tells us, is to show that all mystery can be solved by analysis; and in "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," he attempts to prove it by taking an actual occurrence. It is said that his solution was proved to be, in the main, correct.

To be fully appreciated, Poe's tales must be read as a whole. Especially is this true of the analytical tales. The imaginative tale is a picture, a portion of which might give one a faint idea of some of its minor beauties, but the analytical resembles a delicate piece of mechanism, a lever or bolt of which would not give the faintest idea of the beauty and power of the whole.

THE HONEST ITALIAN LABORER.

CHAPTER I.

It was the 18th of March, 1881. A clear and beautiful Italian sky looked calmly down upon that gigantic grave of the Past—the Roman Forum. The bright round sun hung overhead like a burnished shield in the heavens. From these remarks it may be inferred that it was a clear day. Such, indeed, was the fact. The glaring daylight exposed all the desolateness of the time-worn ruins. Even the mosses and grasses seemed

growing more vigorously, and creeping a little more rapidly, to mantle the bareness of the old, old columns. The hazy air was bright and still, and only in the distance did the tide of traffic and the monotonous noise of wheels seem to be heard. On damp fragments of granite or marble, the snails still hung with lazy persistence, while the bright eyed lizards enjoyed their undisputed privilege of sunning themselves on the warm marbles, where still may be traced the sculptured names of a Caesar, an Agrippa, or a Trojan.

On this sunny day, about noon, an American Pilgrim in Rome might have been seen threading his way through the narrow, crooked streets that extend along towards the Forum. His face bore the traces of what may be not inappropriately called mild but earnest expectation. Why was this thus? What kindled hope in his eye, and what set the seal of resolution on his brow? What quickened his pulse, and hurried his already eager steps?

As it would take too much time to answer all these questions at once; and as life, alas! is but short and uncertain, I simply decline to undertake the difficult task. Suffice it here simply to say that the American Pilgrim espied an Honest Italian Laborer busily at work excavating the sacred earth in one corner of the Forum. Did the stranger think that perhaps he might be present at the discovery of some rare old coin or delicately-sculptured marble? Who, ah! who can tell? It is indeed too severe a task to detect all the secret motives of the soul that may flash forth into action. As the poet truly observes—

“How and why, we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind.”

But this, as may be seen, is a digression. So here we will start again, and open a new chapter—without, however, turning over a new leaf.

CHAPTER II.

The American Pilgrim softly approached the Honest Italian Laborer, and quietly sat himself down beneath the umbrageous shadow of a shady column of the temple of Castor and Pollux. Intently he watched the ruined temple with one eye, and the Honest Italian Laborer with his other eye, thus incurring the imminent danger of becoming cross-eyed. But what danger can dismay the soul of a searcher for relics of antiquity? I pause for a reply, and hearing none, once more resume my wondrous tale.

The Honest Italian Laborer (or H. I. L., as he will hereafter appear in this sketch,) continued his labor of love, glancing occasionally at the American Pilgrim, who, as may be surmised, occasionally glanced at him. Their glances were simultaneously reciprocal. Meanwhile the spade of the H. I. L. kept digging away into the dark, damp earth, which was thrown, after excavation, into an adjacent and commodious wheelbarrow.

Suddenly a cry of joy burst from the lips of the H. I. L. He instantly checked it, and stealthily peered around to see if the guard of the Forum was watching him. But no! the guard, though vigilant, was but human, and had succumbed to the necessities of hunger, and gone home to dinner, and was consequently no longer visible. Only a few strangers were in the Forum, scattered here and there, contemplating the ruins. The moment seemed propitious, the occasion favorable, the opportunity sublime. So the H. I. L. stooped, and from the cool, damp earth picked out a Roman coin. This he quietly passed into the not unwilling hand of the American Pilgrim (or A. P., for the sake of brevity.) "*Signor!*" hoarsely whispered the H. I. L., "*Signor! Moneta Romana! Moneta antica!*" How could the A. P. doubt the H. I. L.? Did he not with his own eyes see him pick out the coin from the freshly opened earth? True, the coin was perfectly dry, and of the same temperature as the Honest Italian's hand, whereas, the earth was both damp and cold. But these trivial circumstances, apparently discrediting both the genuine-

ness of the coin and the honor of the humble Italian were, in reality, merely incentives to faith. So the A. P. thankfully retained the old coin, and paid the H. I. L. a franc. Encouraged by this munificent reward for his labor, the H. I. L. continued his antiquarian researches with the spade, and in a few moments, lo! another "*Moneta Romana*" was picked out of the earth. The situation now became exciting. Had the spade really struck some old treasury of ancient coins? Was this H. I. L. a second Schliemann? Here a grand thought occurred to the A. P., namely, that just as the great Galileo always discovered a planet when he pointed his unerring telescope to the nightly heavens, and just as Schliemann always finds a buried city at the point of his shovel, so, wherever this untutored Italian son of genius puts his spade, he always finds a Roman coin. So the A. P. pocketed the second coin (also genuine, like the first,) and was contented. He desired no more.

But methinks I hear some caviller say that the number of Roman coins this American Pilgrim might have received, had he desired them, would have been limited only by the supply in the Honest Italian's pocket, slyly dropped one by one into the earth, and as slyly picked out again.

This objection I decline to answer, for I am not bound to reply to such an unreasonable and uncharitable suspicion. It reflects directly on the character and reputation of a regularly authorized employee of the Italian government; upon a man whose acquaintance with all kinds of ancient Roman coins, whether original or manufactured, is far more extensive than either yours or mine. Is it right to so readily suspect our fellow men? Both reason and charity answer an indignant No.

But as the American traveler did not desire any more Roman coins—two such samples being enough for him—he bent his energies to accomplish the main object of his visit to the Forum.

I regret to say—I deeply blush while writing it—that this object was *bribery*.

In spite of the fact that the Honest Italian Laborer had dug him out two coins, the A. P. was not wholly satisfied. He

yearned to possess a beautifully-sculptured fragment that lay off in a corner, among several others. He eyed it earnestly and (my pen falters as I attempt to record it), handing his address to the H. I. L., offered him ten francs to bring the said fragment, under cover of night, to the hotel. But he was properly rebuked, for the Honest Italian merely replied, "*Impossibile, Signor,*" and quietly resumed his toil. So the American Pilgrim, feeling the justice of the answer, and being compelled to admire the magnanimity of the Honest Italian in not reporting him to the Forum guard, wandered off till he reached the adjacent Temple of Julius Cæsar. There Mark Antony once delivered his splendid funeral oration over the dead body of the murdered Cæsar. The A. P. was full of solemn thoughts, so he recited aloud, from Shakspeare's version of Mark Antony's oration—

"I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;"—

Here he stopped, for he felt that the evil deed he had just done would live after him. Bitter thought!

At this point the H. I. L. gently wheeled his load of earth by the spot, and in passing casually observed that he would bring the fragment for fifty francs. This offer was rejected with scorn, because if it was wrong to give a bribe of ten francs, then to give a bribe of fifty francs was five times as wrong. (Observe the clear symptoms of conscience here, somewhat mixed with arithmetic.) The Italian went away to his task despondent, but not in despair. After some time he passed that way again, and mysteriously suggested forty francs. But certainly this was *four* times as wrong as to give ten francs; so the worthy Italian again retired from the scene; for to such an offer the American Pilgrim vouchsafed no reply—no, not even a word.

But after another departure and return, the H. I. L. remarked something about thirty francs, then twenty, and, after a visible struggle with his emotions, said fifteen, and finally obstinately stopped at twelve.

I gently smiled at him, but kindly observing that I would not give him twelve francs, very properly left the Forum.

CHAPTER III.

'Twas night.

'Twas dark.

The American Pilgrim loitered, after his supper, in the hotel vestibule.

There entered a stranger, with his hat turned down over his eyes and his coat collar turned up under his ears—a picturesque and mysterious costume.

Could it be? Was it so? Yes, it was; it was the Honest Italian Laborer. He carried a heavy package under his coat. Conducted to the American Pilgrim's room, he unwrapped (as you already guess) the much-desired fragment of sculptured marble.

But did the A. P. break his word, and pay the H. I. L. twelve francs? No, he did not. He felt that he had done wrong in offering at the first to bribe the man, and so he would not repeat that wrong by consummating the bribe. Did he, then, turn him away penniless? Ah no! He gave, indeed, the Italian *ten* francs, but not (let me repeat it), not as a *Bribe* for theft, but as a *Reward* for success.

Curtain falls. Red fire.

BOOTH'S CONCEPTION OF RICHARD THIRD.

Those who study Shakespeare's plays to any extent, form their own conception of his characters; and the diversity of judgment shown in dramatic criticism of the great poet is often thus explained. Our great actors may display their familiarity with the life and times which the play represents. Persevering study

and arduous research are apparent, sometimes by a gesture or a look. Above all, and united to these minor qualities, dramatic genius has a twofold object. It aims to give us a correct impression of fictitious personages—to *materialize* imaginary creations, so to speak—and to reproduce scenes and characters that live only in the memory of the past.

But it depends greatly on the subjective sympathy between the writer's mind and our own, upon the general unanimity with which we view the character, whether or not our unconscious feelings are satisfied. We say *unconscious*, because that describes them as well as any other word. The actor and the poet are, in one sense, alike. Both, if men of genius, express, as we cannot, our unspoken, semi-conscious thoughts.

Booth's King Richard Third is an actor's conception of an actor, and is doubly interesting from that fact. We applaud the great tragedian in Hamlet, in Othello, and in King Lear; but is the applause always inspired in the same manner—by the genius of the play? Is it never accorded to the poetry of the actor's conception? to the intellectual development? to the man?

In the picture he gives us of Richard there is no room for disappointment in conception. The king stands self-revealed. What occasion is there to analyze the motives of such a man? We give him the benefit of no doubt, for he gives *us* the benefit of seeing him as he really is; and gratitude for this confidence does not bias our judgment. Of the creation as a whole, we may say that it presents a very lifelike portrait. It is not difficult to realize the hatred which Richard inspired among all classes of his subjects. The conclusion is forced upon one that his bodily deformity was but a faint index of his moral corruption. In fact, there was good reason, aside from the prosecution of ambitious plans, for concealment of his natural disposition. Had he been as candid to his friends as to the audience, their loathing for the man would have greatly increased the instinctive aversion felt for deformity of person.

But it is impossible to forget the intellectual side of this crea

tion. At one moment the feeling of abhorrence is as spontaneous as that which a venomous reptile would inspire. A moment later the feeling is forgotten in the offer of the equally involuntary tribute that craft, skill and foresight always obtain. And, being no half-hearted villain, Richard is consistent throughout. If false to all other beings, human or divine, he is at least true to himself.

It would be superfluous to detail the points of merit throughout the play. There are two scenes, however, which show the actor's power in very different lights. They might be instanced as illustrations of his talent. The first represents the personal dignity and majesty of the king; the latter, his hypocrisy; and these qualities are conspicuous in the accusation of Hastings, and in the king's dissimulation, when waited on by Buckingham and the citizens of London.

The grace and finish of the acting are beyond praise. As already hinted, Richard's self-restraint and the matter-of-fact element shown in some of the soliloquies are peculiarly adapted to a character who had no true depth of feeling, but whose villainy was cool, calculating and deliberate.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

They are few who have written equally well in prose and verse. Nature is seldom so prodigal of her gifts as to bestow upon a single individual that double gift, for one share of which so many labor in vain. And so many a writer is amazed and disappointed that the world ignores his verse, which he had thought would be immortal, and treasures his prose; or selects a few poems as precious, and passes by his mass of prose, on which he had hoped to build an enduring reputation. And so of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. From his writings the future will

preserve a few of his delightful verses and sketches, while yet time will remorselessly destroy many of his productions which now seem worthy of perennial fame.

Born by the sea, he received in his childhood a heritage of poetical and fanciful associations, for, like many of the New England towns, Portsmouth, his native place, was full of old traditions and legends. Eccentric people dwelt there. It was rich in the musty lore and vain pretensions of aristocratic "better days;" the old wharf still claimed as its tenants the decaying hulks of ships that had served as privateers in the war of 1812.

In his story of a "Bad Boy," Aldrich describes the town under the name of Rivermouth, in this manner: "As we drove through the quiet old town, I thought Rivermouth the prettiest place in the world. The streets are long and wide, shaded by gigantic American elms, whose drooping branches, interlacing here and there, span the avenues with arches graceful enough to be the handiwork of fairies. A beautiful river goes rippling by the town, and after turning and twisting among a lot of tiny islands, empties itself into the sea. Years ago it was a famous seaport; but commerce drifted into other ports. The phantom fleet sailed off, one day, and never came back again. The crazy old warehouses are empty; and barnacles and eel-grass cling to the piles of the crumbling wharves, where the sunshine lies lovingly, bringing out the faint spicy odors that haunt the place—the ghost of the old dead West India trade!"

In his autobiography—for such we must consider his story of a "Bad Boy"—he gives us the history of his boyhood with wonderful grace and candor.

In this old town he grew up. Here he fought his boy battles, played his juvenile pranks, suffered from the pangs of unrequited love. Here he also absorbed the subtle fancies of his brain, in the mellow sunshine of the sea, and the dark shadows of the pine forest. Each boy in the "Story" is true to life, and none more so than the hardest character to treat, Binny Wallace,

whose gentleness and sweetness never appear like what boys call "softness."

How tenderly he speaks of his boy-companion, and his sad death! "His face was pale and meek now, and I love to think that there was a kind of halo about it, like that which painters place around the forehead of a saint. Poor little Binny Wallace! Always the same to me. The rest of us have grown up into hard, worldly men, fighting the fight of life; but you are forever young, and gentle, and pure; a part of my own childhood that time cannot wither; always a little boy; always poor little Binny Wallace!"

This book is a delightful one, not to boys only, for many a gray head has bowed in reverence to the master who has the magic to make him a boy again. On first reading it we are wonderfully pleased; on second reading we find an absolute truthfulness, a purity of thought, a delicacy of utterance seldom found in any work.

Throughout all his prose works we find wonderful purity, grace and simplicity. There are no dark taints of skepticism, no doubt of this world's honesty, no cynical sneers at his fellow-men. His tenderness and humor remind us of Bret Harte. Each has the rare faculty of finding good in men's hearts. Each makes us contented and happy. The heart of each was open ever to simple faith and love.

Of Mr. Aldrich's poems, those which treat of every-day life and natural scenery will retain their place longer in men's hearts. What can be more charming than this simple picture?

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst."

His muse attempts to scale no dizzy height. His poems have no appearance of the older schools. They please especially, on account of their naturalness and artlessness. They are such as men read once, and then carry in their inmost heart for years.

They are the happy fancies which attract by their snow-white loveliness, as the edelweiss which struggles through the rocks on the Alps' side, and give a cheerful welcome to the hardy climber.

"LA SAISAIZ."

"*La Saisaiz*" is one of the most characteristic poems that has come from the pen of its author. The first page cannot be read without finding in it the genius of Browning. There is the strong personality that marks all the works of that author. Numerous peculiarities of diction, and even more of syntax, which are dear to the lover of Browning, lie thick wherever his pen has traveled. Here may be found his involved syntax, with its poetic force and beauty; here in a very high degree the marks of his poetic genius.

There is an elevation of thought in this poem that is only too rare. Under the supremacy which the Pre-Raphaelite school has attained thought seems to have come to be regarded as out of harmony with poetry. To the man who reads the vivid page of Morris, or the burning stanzas of Swinburne, on a drowsy summer's day with delight, Browning is a "rock of offence." It is vain to try to appreciate Browning without thoughtful study. There are few men who can grasp him at one reading. But after the labor is over, and the harvest is garnered, the return is bounteous. While this is true of the poem before us, there is, however, exhibited in it a smoother flow than in many of his earlier poems. It is by no means so involved as *Sordello*. In polish it possibly comes nearer Balaustion's Adventure than any of his other poems. Yet to those who could not fathom the meaning of *Sordello* this poem will probably be a sealed treasure.

Its form is worthy of the spirit that it clothes. The metre, dignified yet softly flowing, tells of the master hand. Rich is

the diction. In every part it is full of poetic figures, yet of figures meted out with careful hand. There is not a trace of over-coloring; not a tint laid on too heavily; not a color overwrought. With the varying moods it changes in its movement. In the deeper, more philosophic part, it is grave. But there is in it more than one burst of lyric beauty. In the first few pages the lyrical element predominates.

The subject is an elevated one. The gulf between such a subject as this and that of many of the current poems of the day is marked. The demand for strong, virile themes is nowadays made, but the result brings the blush of shame, and degrades the mind and soul. But when Browning sings, his theme and its treatment are always lofty.

He is in the Alps. With a friend he has climbed the mountain steeps. On returning from a ramble they agree to climb next morning the peak then gleaming in the sun's departing glories. But when he arises she is not there to meet him, and though he waits she comes not. At last he finds that she has silently passed away in the still watches of the night. So solemnized, his thoughts tend upward. He ponders on the present and the future. Great questions rise in his mind—of God, the soul and immortality. His great soul lifts itself upward and grasps with firm hand the great problems before it. Many a great mind has faced them before. Some have found them the measure of their strength, and sunk conquered before them. Few have met them with the serene spirit of our poet:

"God is, and the soul is, and, as certain, after death shall be,"

He cries. And

"I affirm and reaffirm it, therefore: only make us plain
As that man now lives, that after dying man shall live again."

Nothing reveals a man so fully as just such an introspective poem. He may write volume after volume. His brilliant intellectual qualities may shine forth in them dazzling as the noon-day sun. But only such a poem as this reveals the whole man.

Browning has lost nothing by this revelation. His great mind is as strong as ever, his muse as rich; but his deep soul, not hidden heretofore, nor yet revealed, stands forth high above all else. We see the thoughtful man, the warm-hearted friend, the high-minded philosopher, the Christian, all at one glance. In less than a hundred pages there was not room for a masterpiece, such as the "Ring and the Book;" nevertheless, this poem, filled as it is with the marks of his poetic genius, but more than all with the man, will be, of all his yet published poems, that one which shall reveal to future generations the full measure of the man.

Inwrought in this poem is that high view of life, with all its cares, struggles and aims, which marks the philosopher.

"Right predominates in life! Then why two lives and doubtful boon?
Anyhow, we want it; wherefore want? Because, without the want,
Life now human would be brutish; just that hope, however scant,
Makes the actual life worth leading."

"Once lay down the law, with nature's simple such effects succeed
Causes such, and heaven or hell depends upon man's earthly due
Just as surely as depends the straight or else the crooked line
On his making point meet point, or with or else without incline."

This stern, true way of putting things accords not with the licentiousness of too much of our modern poetry. He who wants maddening passions glorified must worship at some other shrine. This calm, grave seeking for the truth in highest spheres, accords far more with the earnest spirit of the age.

If mere relaxation from study is the only use of poetry, then this poem, along with all of its fellows, is a grand failure. But if poetry is to hold its own against the degeneration of the day, it will have much to thank Mr. Browning for.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

Mr. Lowell, who has written an elaborate and appreciative review of the works of Dr. Holland, thinks that "American popular writers are better liked for wanting refined taste, and perhaps do their work better without it." He doubtless does Holland a friendly service in diverting attention from the artistic excellence of his works, to the nature and extent of their influence on society. The publisher's figures attest the popularity of these writings. There is no element in this hostile to morals, though it may detract something from their literary merits. As he is writing for all, he must write on every-day topics, and must use words familiar to the reader in the ordinary processes of thought. Otherwise there is a strain on the attention, and a mental effort required of the reader that would at once militate against popularity. "Economy of attention," according to Herbert Spencer, "is the whole philosophy of style." There are other reasons why this every-day phraseology should unlock so many warm, glad hearts to Holland. Who has not witnessed the pleasure with which the unlearned welcome, at times, a new idea, when it is presented to them in their own words. It may be an earnest idea, with nothing incongruous about it, still they laugh; for it is new and pleasing in its old familiar garb. Holland invades society with ideas and moral sentiments, rather than with new words or classical allusions. Again, he takes the popular position of a reformer. For there is enough pessimism in every man's nature to believe that most things need reforming. His evident good intentions and honest earnestness recommend him to our confidence, while his familiar "you and I" style recommends him to our fellowship.

Dr. Holland has tried, in turn, all departments of literature. His *History of Western Massachusetts* has not only a great local interest, but a more general interest as the first production

from his pen. His essays are rich in practical thought and vigorous expression. Gail Hamilton speaks of his style as "feebly forcible." This may mean a great deal, or it may mean nothing. We may place a more friendly construction upon this than she intended, and interpret it that persuasive force which, without violence or bluster, opens the heart to truth and virtue. Lowell credits him with "good power of reasoning," "good command of language and sense of the strength of words," good descriptive power, and imagination of a high degree," and with "admirable thought and wordings." This able critic can find much to admire, as we see, even in the style of this popular writer.

The conception of the plots in his novels is inferior; and he fails to delineate a single character to whom we may give our unreserved admiration. He succeeds in interesting us in ordinary persons and events rather than in bringing before us anything superior. Better stories are told in "*Bitter Sweet*" and "*Kathrina*" than in his best novel. The former is beautiful for its ingenuousness; the latter for its simplicity. They are written in good blank verse. However, in order to push forward some possible idea with the progress of the story, or, perhaps, to relieve the emotions of the reader for a time, he throws in shorter poems of various kinds here and there, some of which are of inferior quality.

"*Kathrina*" is the most popular of Holland's works; a hundred thousand copies have been sold. These are not simply ornaments for libraries, but most of them have been thumbed and worn by repeated reading.

When we consider that the author has made his way to so many readers, we are thankful for the moral tone of his writings. Whatever he wrote, whether morals or essays, poetry or prose, he always inculcated some moral lesson. Though in his practical preaching he is always on the side of right, yet his theoretical morality is oftentimes misleading. "*Bitter Sweet*" is a poem intended to teach the ministry of sin in the world. "The great stimulus that spurs to life and crowds to generous development

each chastened power and passion of the soul, is the temptation of the soul to sin resisted and re-conquered evermore." He believes that suffering labor and struggling sorrow produce the highest type of manhood. He then insinuates with these beautiful truths a few grains of falsehood. He would lead us to think that even experience in sin enriches the heart. There is danger of our inferring from this poem that the soul purged from its deep guilt is purer and nobler than in its primitive spotlessness. He was not able to grapple with ethics. His hypotheses misled him; for no one knew better than Holland the worth of innocence. He makes direct home-thrusts at particular vices; and treats them honestly and fairly in plain English. He faces the difficulties of every-day life; and the multitude like his looks because they are helpful. He was greater than his style as he was better than his ethics.

SENSATIONALISM IN COLLEGE LIFE.

The world loves excitement. Life would be a dreary existence were the sensational element eradicated from human nature. It is the fountain of wit and humor. Hence our pleasurable and sympathetic feelings—for, in fact, emotions of every kind. Although sorrow and pain, as well as the more joyful experiences, must necessarily be a part of this inheritance, men would not resign it if they had the power. They pronounce it good, for without it we would be mere intellectual machines—convincing proofs of pessimism.

In popular usage, however, the word sensationalism has a distinct meaning, and one by no means as wide as its etymology would lead us to infer. "A sensational preacher," "a sensational novel," are terms that every one readily understands; but when we endeavor to reach an adequate definition of this very

simple idea, we meet with considerable difficulty. The powerful eddy and the mid-stream tide are formed by the same element, but they flow in opposite directions; and the boatman who would win the race must be able to distinguish between the two. So here it is often hard to mark the exact line where the truly emotional changes to the sensational, although we are conscious of the difference. There is a feeling of disparagement connected with sensationalism, for which we must account. The orator, filled with his subject and desirous of impressing his audience with the truth of his views, makes use of ridicule, pathos and imagination. With each of these he excites strong and varied sensations, which, being subordinated to his subject, serve his purpose and secure his end. This is a noble use of feeling; and when we condemn it we strike at the heart of all true eloquence. Take another illustration. The oration of Buckingham, which called forth the cry of "Long live King Richard!" was doubtless a splendid production. But when it was known that those who started the shout were hirelings of the crafty prince, his speech was nothing more nor less than a sensational trick for advancing his own interests. Causing a sensation, then, is not in itself an evil. It is rather the object for which it is employed that marks its character. The fine-strung sensibilities of the human soul yield a delightful harmony when they are made to thrill under the passionate touch of a master-player; but when the chords are struck mechanically, merely to produce an effect, although the ear may not be pained by discord, and the execution be most brilliant, there is still a vague sense of disappointment. It is when made an end in itself that men object to the sensational. We might, then, define sensationalism as the deliberate production of a startling effect, with no higher aim than to attract attention or occasion surprise.

This species of weed is quite prominent in the College world, and includes many varieties. One might reasonably suppose that College life would be too stony ground for the cultivation of such a plant; but like the cactus, it dies hard, and will thrive on the hardest soil. The merciless blade of College sarcasm will prune

off many eccentricities; but unless this excrecence takes an offensive shape, it is generally unmolested, and under some conditions, even encouraged. "Originality," "individuality" are the great war cries of literary men of the nineteenth century; and it is not strange that Collegians should also grow enthusiastic in the pursuit. It seems to be a painful necessity, however, that among these there should be a number who, unable to attain to these ideals, must imitate others that have, thus mistaking a studied affectation for the genuine article. Such human mirrors are not rare. You can tell them by their extravagant expressions and exaggerated assertions. Full of the idea that an original man must offer something out of the usual run of thought, they rack their brains for new and startling utterances, which frequently pass uncomfortably near the border line between truth and falsehood. Should a poet or author happen to stumble across the path of a being of so vivid imaginations, he is immediately made a prominent means for the development and assertion of rising genius. In proportion to his former obscurity, as a rule, is he likely to gain approval; for what a rare opportunity for discovering latent worth that others have left unnoticed! What a magnificent field for original research! But alas for the unhappy man should he have already attracted a moderate degree of literary fame. Contempt and ignominy henceforth rest upon him; for can it be that there is any greater proof of a strong mind than opposition to popular opinion? The only unfortunate part of this otherwise very useful display of individuality is, that it has sometimes been known, in a given time, to turn out as many fools as savants.

The average College oration well illustrates a further type of sensationalism. This springs from no such absorbing ambition as the former, and is of a milder, more bearable hue. There is a mistaken conviction that a speech, to hold attention, must contain a certain amount of oratorical expression and high-flown rhetoric. So it is thickly sprinkled with climaxes and glowing illustrations, which may or may not have a vital relation to the subject. No matter! the speaker can "spread" himself on those

parts and produce quite an effect, which is the chief requisite after all. The sensational element is not subordinated—as it should be—to the main purpose, but is an end in itself, and the most prominent feature in the whole oration. Consequently the audience is blinded by these brilliant flashes of eloquence, and the rest of the view is hazy and indistinct. The object is not to persuade, but to please or excite; like a flag of distress it seems to show that only by great effort the ship can be kept afloat.

Another, and by far the most common and foolish form of this evil, is what we might term the conversational. More insidious and harmful than the others, it yet meets with little reproof and more praise. The possessor of this vice appears under two aspects. In society his sole object is not to converse on any profitable theme, affording and receiving benefit, but merely to play a brilliant role and attract admiration. He desires immediate appreciation of his own performance. To him it is above all indispensable that his importance be recognized. When he first starts out we notice a strong tendency to be officious, to make himself the prime mover in every event, and to meddle with everybody else's business. He has an excessively free-and-easy air and a delightful drawl, while his movements prove his thorough consciousness of his own existence. Before long there is an advance. Wit is not his province, but rather, strange and startling remarks, calculated to occasion wonder, and often, it may be, of questionable character. He takes delight in shocking, to a greater or less degree, the sense of propriety in society; and a common frailty of this silly creature is to parade his past misdeeds and represent himself as indifferent to all moral restraint.

These various types are alike injurious; for, as in the pursuit of wealth or pleasure for its own sake, so here the same ethical principle is violated. The whole tendency is towards depraved tastes, blunted sensibilities and an unhealthy intellectual condition. It renders men, to a great extent, invulnerable to the ordinary presentation of the truth, and their pampered appetites crave sweets and spices instead of solid food. Like a powerful stimulant it exhilarates for a time but to cause a deeper depres-

sion. He who cultivates this habit, however, suffers most. With a desire to say something smart or strange he accustoms himself to distort facts, and by willful exaggeration, gradually hardens his conscience. "Truth is the girdle of character, and he who loosens that is on the way to looseness in other departments of morality." If, on the other hand, his nature or circumstances draw him in a still more miserable direction, his utterances border on the irreverent, or verge towards indelicacy. And as in the habitual use of opium, the dose must be increased to insure the same effects, soon profane and impure speech must be employed in order to hold his vantage ground.

The different aspects of the sensational are by no means confined or peculiar to College life, for we may find a very analogous state of affairs in the outside world. It would be inappropriate, then, to restrict to such narrow limits the treatment of so universal an evil, were it not that here seems to be one of its leading strongholds. As long as sensationalism is countenanced by the learning and culture of the land, it will thrive. To kill it a healthful intellectual atmosphere must be afforded, and this can only be gained by freeing the centres of education from all poisonous exhalations. Throw it out of our Colleges, and it will, in a few years, be forced to leave good society.

An infusion of sound, vigorous thought and common sense ideas is the only effectual means of reaching this malady. But as the first step towards producing this happy transformation, College sensationalism should be severely handled.

VOICES.

A RECENT editorial in the LIT. suggested an enlargement in several departments of our College curriculum, and advocated an increase of instructors as a better means of building up Prince-

ton's fame than the expenditure of money upon our grounds and buildings. But it neglected to call attention to what, after all, seems to be the most serious defect in our course. It is a great disappointment to many that we have not better opportunities for the study of modern languages. A fair knowledge of German has become now almost a necessity in this country, and it is a need that will be felt more and more each succeeding year. As a study merely for mental training, it is quite as valuable as Latin, and much more pleasant. German literature will compare favorably with the best classic works. Philologically, we have here an influence on the English language far ahead of that of Greek, and not so very much inferior to that of Anglo-Saxon. And then it has an immeasurable advantage over them all in being, not only a living tongue, but one widely used. So great is our German population—one, too, that is rapidly growing—that in the various professions, especially those of law and medicine, and in every department of business, a tolerable acquaintance with this language is essential. For the deepest and most learned philosophical and scientific discussions of the day we are obliged to refer to German periodicals. It preconditions scientific research. All the practical knowledge contained in the classics can be gathered easily from translations, but not so in German. Every scholar is supposed to be sufficiently well acquainted with this important tongue to be able to help himself to its riches. Yet, notwithstanding the advantages it contains for mental discipline, and—what places it far above the classics—its inestimable use, about four years' study in Latin and Greek is required of us as a condition of graduation, and in German not one.

We have competent and faithful instructors in the branch referred to, but they have even now more than they can do. For one man to give an elective class of seventy students the drill necessary in beginning a new language, is utterly incompatible with any rapid progress. But even with more teachers, the time allotted to it during the course—two hours a week in Junior, and one in Senior year—is altogether inadequate. If,

indeed, German cannot be made a condition of entrance, it should, at least, be required the first two years in College, with the opportunity, at each one's option, of electing it for two years longer. With the present arrangement we get but a start before we are compelled to leave it. The large classes each year show the general desire for the study. Chairs in Hebrew and Sanscrit are needed, and we should warmly advocate them, but does not common sense urge that we complete first this most practical and useful course of all our department of languages?

IS TENNYSON A POET? At first glance, it would seem to be idle to question the claims of one who has been crowned England's Poet-laureate, and whom the voice of America declares to be worthy of his high honor. And yet, tried by any high test, Tennyson is not a poet at all. Popularity is by no means a sure proof of merit; but even in this, Tennyson is losing ground. He is destined to be "a contemporary, not an eternal man." He has nothing of that universality which has secured the immortality of Plato, Milton and Shakespeare, and which will secure that of Emerson and Carlyle. The deep books live.

Tennyson has chiefly a knack of playing with beautiful musical words. His pictorial power is remarkable, and he has an unrivaled sense of melody and rhythm; but rhythm and melody are not poetry. It is not metres, but live, passionate thought, that makes poetry. Tennyson is too placid to be a true poet. There is a peace which comes after much suffering, but ever there runs through it an undertone of sadness which tells of the passed strife; but Tennyson's repose is not such. It is characteristic, temperamental; not won through struggle.

Mrs. Browning says of her earlier attempts, that she ripped the verses up, and found no blood on the knife. Probably Tennyson would care but little whether or not there would be blood on the knife; he would chiefly be exercised over the destruction of his beautiful lines.

A true poet is a kind of a prophet. The ancients were wisely right in believing their poets to be inspired; but Tennyson has no divine message to deliver. His poems never take hold on the foundations of the universe. "We hear through all the varied music the ground-tone of conventional life." He never ascends to what one calls the grandeur of absolute ideas, the splendor and shades of heaven and hell.

THAT the series of class championship games should be left unfinished, is a disappointment to the majority of the College, but the greatest regret to every right-minded man is that they should be left unfinished for such reasons. We had hoped that Princeton athletics were and would continue to be free from all jockeying. It is always expected, and in this instance was tacitly understood, that any tie in the series was to be decided as soon as possible, by a third contest. This series resulted in a tie. The captain of '83's nine admitted that it was to be played off, but said that as one of his men was out of town, he could not play until he returned. When he did return, that class declined to play. There was no excuse for this. The weather was beautiful; the grounds were secured. Everything was ready except that nine. Where shall we look for an explanation of such action? The score-book tells the tale. The Seniors won their games by much larger scores than those with which the Juniors won the corresponding games. (The scores are too well-known to need quotation.) Here was a strong presumption in favor of '82. Moreover, they had practised steadily since their last game, and were in better trim than ever, while the Juniors had practised little or none. These may be very good reasons for stopping a contest, but hardly, we think, in harmony with Princeton's reputation. The postponement to spring looks exceedingly like an attempt to take advantage of Senior "finals" and vacation, which will leave but little time for ball.

A REMARK of Prof. Gildersleeve's, that the feelings with which old graduates revisit the scenes of their College days, are mere sentimentality, and that memories of College friendships rarely exist save in holiday speeches, has more truth in it than many are willing to admit. This was called to mind by the thought that in a few months more another class will graduate, and consequently another valedictory will be delivered.

In the eyes of most people, the valedictory is the highest honor of the course. Why, then, is it not made first honor in place of the usurping salutatory? The very fact that this has not been done, would seem to imply a recognition of the special significance attaching to the valedictory. Properly understood, it is what its name implies—the last great leave-taking of the class. Other farewells have been said, other good-byes spoken, but now the last day and hour have come. One is needed who will represent, not by enactment of the Faculty, but in very deed, his class, one who can utter sincerely and appropriately their feelings with regard to all that is being left behind; above all, there is need of one who can give a hearty God-speed to his classmates, and who, so doing, will receive their fullest respect and love. Leave unfulfilled these conditions, and the valedictory must degenerate into the sickliest sentimentality, or worse, into miserable cant.

If the crowning honor of the College course must be disposed of as it now is, at least let some regard be shown for the wishes of the class, in the matter. Not unfrequently does it happen that men reach second or third place in a class, who are not only not popular, but who have also justly forfeited, by their actions, all right to the respect of their classmates. To impose such an one upon them as valedictorian, is a piece of the grossest injustice.

THE quadrangle between East and West is a perpetual eyre-sore to all lovers of the beautiful. Elsewhere the ground is well covered with sod. Here, the grass cannot be made to grow.

The trees, too, do not appear to advantage. They are too near each other. Some which, in a few years, might rival those of the north campus, are crowded so closely against their neighbors that the branches intermingle. They are cramped for room. They are distorted in shape, and while the density of their shade prevents the growth of the grass beneath, making the ground bare and unsightly, they are themselves losing their natural grace of outline. A judicious thinning out of the trees would remove this danger. They would gradually regain their natural appearance. The grass beneath could again be made to grow, and in a few years the quadrangle would rival in beauty the older portion to the north, and be our pride instead of our reproach.

Let us have a judicious use of the ax.

It is hard to refrain from expressing wonder at the manner of distribution of the Chapel Stage prizes this year. The avowed object is to secure a *general* improvement in the quality of Chapel Stage speeches, but the present arrangement seems hardly likely to accomplish that end; in fact, it is eminently fitted to dishearten rather than to encourage the vast majority. Because the Junior orators have enjoyed the honor of representing the Halls in one of their sharpest contests, and have had a chance at a fair number of prizes, is scarcely a sufficient reason why three-fifths of the Chapel Stage prizes should also be arranged for their special accommodation. It is almost absurd for others to think of trying for either first or second prize in oratory and writing with such a heavy handicap in natural talent and training against them. Then add to this the English grade for the last three years, and you have a regular monopoly; for the Junior orators of each year invariably include the men who are highest in that branch. The prize for disputation is the only one that attracts any general interest; and even this is seriously damaged by being

tacked on as a supplement to the two above. In sooth it would be a huge injustice to shut a man out from taking a \$50 debate prize simply because he had already in the same contest, and with the same speech, swept off the \$100—Baird. We were thinking of citing the rules in regard to the taking of two fellowships as a proof of our position, but unfortunately they apply the other way; this can't be an analogous case. The prize for the best poem, while it must necessarily have a small competition, is, however, an excellent one. The only fault we have to find with it is its isolation. Consistency being a jewel, why was not this also made to help out the oratory department? If a man wishes to write out a discussion in poetry, and likewise compete for prizes in oratory and writing, it is not the square thing to hinder him thus from taking all three, if he is able.

The great mistake made in all is that they are unnecessarily large. It may look a little better in the catalogue, but it destroys all incentive to any extra work. Were the present prizes cut down to one-half their value they would have quite as many and eager competitors; and the surplus funds could be divided into eight or ten minor prizes, for the encouragement of men not so proficient in public speaking. You may offer as much for the best Chapel Stage speech as you do for the Maclean oration; but the former will never carry half the honor or interest, nor inspire the hard work of the other. To put them on a par, then, seems unnatural. If the prizes are meant to increase the interest in Chapel Stage, and thus make it less of a bore by insuring better speeches, it would be advisable to arrange them so they would be something more than a private contest between half a dozen individuals.

EDITORIALS.

SO MUCH has been said about order in Chapel, and so little attention been paid by those interested, to what was said, that there is little encouragement for writing more. In again referring to the subject, we are not, therefore, led on by any hope of seeing our words followed by good effects. Far be it from us to expect of any one such an unmanly piece of folly as listening to the advice of those whose comfort he is continually disregarding, and whose rights he continually tramples under foot. No, gentlemen, we do not wish you to listen to our requests, and, for that reason, make none, but simply express, in a quiet way, our opinion on certain recent occurrences, thinking that it may be of interest to you.

The uproar at evening prayers, at stated intervals through this term, has been of a character indescribable by a man possessing only an ordinarily large vocabulary. It is pleasing to notice how tenderly the two under-classes cherish the noble spirit of rivalry existing between them. How praiseworthy was the feeling that prompted the applause on a recent occasion, when some members of one of these classes came in a few moments late. If we mistake not, the applause came from the Freshman side, though we speak hesitatingly, for in most minds there exists much doubt as to who are the *bona fide* Freshmen, the weight of evidence at present being in favor of granting the palm for genuine freshness to the gentlemanly band occupying the seats in the rear of the Seniors. Be that as it may, the originators of the applause must have felt very small when the storm of rebuking hisses arose from the other side of the house. We cannot be thankful enough to those brave Sophomores for their lively interest in the maintenance of order. That was no time for considering whether there might not be others whose duty it is to quell disorder; no time for remembering the

presence of one whose son we had seen carried to the grave but a day before; no time for thinking, hearing, knowing anything but that half a dozen men had knocked their heels on the floor, and the mortal insult must be resented in a becoming manner. Were you to ask our candid opinion of those concerned in this thing, we should call them fools and cowards, but we will not soil these pages with the only names appropriate to them. It is almost inconceivable that beings calling themselves men, claiming to be possessed of ordinary decency, professing acquaintance with the elements of good breeding, should so demean themselves beneath the level of brutes. The absolute worthlessness of a fellow who takes opportunity to display, during religious exercises, the low-lived malice he feels toward another, yet is too cowardly to show elsewhere, is beyond expression.

ONE of the questions most frequently put to the *LIT.* editors is—"What kind of articles do you want?" We want articles which have two qualities, namely, fair literary merit, and interest. At one time in the history of this magazine it was thought necessary to satisfy only one of these conditions, and as a result the *NASSAU LIT.* was nothing but an unreadable mass of cheap erudition. Of late years the editors have thought it advisable to descend from their lofty position, and to pay more attention to the popular taste. Yet it is their constant endeavor, while seeking for what is readable, to avoid all that is trivial. Therefore, to those who have thoughts of contributing to the *LIT.*, (and we could wish their number far larger than it is) we say, avoid all abstruse, as well as all trite, subjects. Do not hand to us mere rescripts of the recent newspapers, nor discussions of the genesis of matter, or mental causation. Positively, give us a good literary essay, a criticism of some recent book, whose interest is still fresh, a sketch of travel—provided you do not deal with the mere commonplaces of descriptive writing—or, best of all, a sketch of incident or character. Among the best pieces which have ever appeared in the *LIT.*, have been delineations

tions of character, thrown into the narrative form. Those who wish to attempt this style of writing, we refer to an article which appeared in December, 1878, called "The Lake in the Forest," as a model. The space which is allotted to single articles is too short to allow the publication of stories with regularly developed plots. Do not attempt such, but seek rather to clothe a single incident in some attractive dress. A short poem, provided it be not versified prose, or a good and original essay upon some question of the day, would be most gladly received. Here is a large field of choice open to those who wish to contribute to us, and it is hoped that this short statement of our wants may serve to swell the number of our contributors. *The Princetonian* and the *LIT.* represent Princeton among sister Colleges, and the whole responsibility ought not to be allowed to rest upon the editorial boards.

DOUBTLESS, before this number of the *LIT.* shall have appeared, *The Princetonian* will have made some statement of the sentiments of the undergraduates in reference to the limitation recently placed by the Faculty upon the playing of tennis. Yet, at the risk of saying what has been said before, we venture a few remarks on the same subject. The aim of the Faculty is doubtless to increase the sum of genuine intellectual work done by the students. So far, we sympathize with them. Any means which will accomplish this end, we hope to see employed. The question is, whether the right means have been hit upon. We are willing to admit that the playing of tennis, when carried to the extent to which it has lately been carried, makes a serious inroad upon time which might be much better occupied in other ways, and that the attractiveness of the game becomes a strong temptation to those who have not settled habits of study. Yet, we feel assured that the new regulations are not calculated to check this evil. Means which might work well among boys, frequently work far from well among young men. The latter class have a natural hatred of restraint, and a feeling of inde-

pendence which, when thwarted, easily turns into a spirit of rebellion. Such has been the result in the present instance. We feel confident in asserting that no student has been restrained from wasting time by the new regulations, and the universal feeling of disgust which they have awakened has been a positive evil. The imposition of a law, where the power to enforce it is absent, has always a detrimental effect, and certainly there is no rightful power lodged in the Faculty by which they can enforce such laws as have lately been promulgated. If the Faculty feel, and we admit that there is the best ground for such a conviction, that the standard of scholarship in the College is lower than it should be, the method of remedying this evil is not to fix times during which men shall be required to study and prohibited from engaging in occupations which are in themselves harmless. Even if it were possible to carry out such rules, the good that would be gained by removing temptation from the weak, would be more than counterbalanced by an inevitable loss of self-respect among the men thus hedged in. The only possible method of raising our standard of scholarship, without degrading our manhood, is to render the examinations more severe, and the percentage required higher. If this were done, students would soon learn that the degree of A. B. from Princeton means more than a four years' residence, and questions as to the playing of games during study hours would regulate themselves. The tennis season is now quite over, so that these rules have no further present application. But our complaint is rather against the general spirit of the Faculty in matters of College discipline, than against any particular manifestation of this spirit.

The question of Class Memorials is always an interesting one, since each year brings forward a new class desiring to leave behind it some gift creditable to itself and of value to the College. In former years it was largely the custom to present books to the library; lately it seems to have been more popular to let the

memorial take the shape of some ornament to the grounds or buildings. Of this kind of gifts we daily see '79's lions, '80's gladiator, and the place where '81's fountain ought to be. These all, doubtless, add greatly to the beauty of the campus, especially the last; but it may be questioned whether there could be any handsomer or more appropriate memorial than a window in the Marquand Chapel. When completed that building will undoubtedly be the centre of the campus, as regards importance. No more certain means could be found of insuring a lasting, grateful remembrance of a class than placing a handsome stained glass window in the Chapel. One objection to this plan is the expense of procuring a handsome window; and, of course, no class would think of giving any other kind. Before rejecting the idea on this ground, it would be well for each man to consider well whether it is not better to pay well for something sure to accomplish the desired end, rendering perpetual the memory of his class, than to save a few dollars by procuring that which will possess but a temporary interest for the College, and sooner or later will cease to attract attention. We recommend this matter to '82, feeling confident that they would not regret adopting the suggestion. Should they put in a window, succeeding classes would probably follow in their steps, so that soon Princeton would have as handsome a Chapel as any other college, and as fine memorials of its classes.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

OCT. 8TH—Cricket match in New York, Columbia *vs.* Princeton; score, 56 to 34.....Athletic games in Philadelphia; Harriman, '83, first in the high jump, and second in pole-vaulting; Wilson, '83, second in 100-yards dash; Field, '83, second in bicycle race.

OCT. 12TH—Class meeting of '82; elected Photo. committee, G. Y. Taylor, Ralston, Root.

OCT. 15TH—First game of foot-ball, Princeton *vs.* Rutgers; score, 3 goals 5 touch-downs to 0. Rutgers had 9 safety touches.....Lacrosse game at Waverly Park, Princeton *vs.* N. Y. University; game resulted in a draw, one goal being secured on each side.

OCT. 17TH—Announcement of divisions of Freshman class.....Announcement of new Ward Fellowship as follows: Competition will be open to the Senior class in both Academic and Scientific Departments, and to Post-graduates, the award being made according to the merits of the competitors, as determined by an examination held next June, on the subjects treated of in the course in General Chemistry, and in Geology and Palaeontology of the Undergraduate Curriculum, as well as by a written discussion on the general characteristics of gold and silver ores, and their modes of occurrence, with a special consideration of the gold and silver ores of the Western United States. The Fellow thus appointed will receive the sum of \$600, to be paid quarterly, and will be required to spend one year in the continuous study of the mines and mining interests of Colorado, pursuing his preparatory studies under the direction of the proper Professors of this College, and then visiting the mines of Colorado. Before the end of the year he will be required to prepare a thesis on the Geological and Chemical history of certain mines in Colorado.

OCT. 20TH—Mass-meeting of College to receive the Treasurer's Report, and to elect officers. A surplus of \$36.44 remains in the Treasury. Officers elected were, Toler, '82, President; Fleming, '83, Treasurer. A vote of thanks was passed for Mr. Wm. Libbey's liberality toward the Athletic Association.

OCT. 23D—Foot-ball match, Princeton *vs.* Stevens Institute; score, 7 goals 8 touch-downs to 0.

OCT. 27TH—Inauguration of Dr. Francis L. Patton as a Professor in Theological Seminary. Dr. Patton is a native of Bermuda, a graduate of Toronto and Princeton Seminaries.

OCT. 28TH—Catalogue lists published for correction.....Announcement of the new laws concerning the playing of games during study hours.

OCT. 29TH—Foot-ball, Princeton vs. University of Pennsylvania; score, 7 goals 6 touch-downs to 0.....Lacrosse match between the N. Y. Lacrosse Club, champions of United States, and Princeton; score, N. Y., 3 goals; Princeton, 2 goals.

OCT. 31ST—Class meetings of '82, to elect Class Photographer; Pach elected over Howell, by a majority of 51 to 27.

NOV. 4TH—Foot-ball, University vs. Michigan University; score, 1 goal 2 touch-downs to 0.

'77, ANDREW McCOSH sailed for Europe, Oct. 29th.

'80, JOHN WILDS has recovered from his illness.

'81, PITNEY, Davis, Ingham, London, seen at Stevens game.

'82, WOODS, and '83, Hoskins, delegates to Y. M. C. A. Convention at Easton, Pa.

'84, HENRY W. MANNERS died at his home, Oct. 5th.

'84, McCORMICK left College temporarily, on account of a broken collar-bone, the injury having been received in a cane-spre with a classmate.

Put away the tennis bat,
And lay aside the cue;
No billiard-playing after nine,
No tennis after two.

INASMUCH as steam apparatus will not be put in Edwards Hall, the occupants have been advised to purchase stoves. They can be obtained at wholesale prices from the College Treasurer.

A NUMBER of our friends from '84 are temporarily absent, owing to the "force of circumstances." A case of suspended animation.

A DELEGATION from the Bicycle Club rode to New Brunswick and back, Oct. 22d, making the fifteen miles in one hour and thirty-five minutes, thus beating the best previous record by thirty minutes.

"PRINCETON will have a team in the field just as strong and just as capable of retaining the championship as in the past."—*Targum*.

The Team is composed as follows: Forwards—Bryan, '82; Haxall, '83; Riggs, '83; Flint, '83; Bickham, '82; Benton, '82. Half-backs—E. Peace, '83; Baker, '83; Conover, '83. Backs—Harlan, '83; Rafferty, '82.

THE long-talked-of water works are to become a fact soon.

THE game on Thanksgiving will be played on the polo grounds, New York. They are situated on One Hundred and Tenth street, and may be reached either by the Sixth-avenue Elevated road, stopping at One Hundred and Sixteenth street, or by Third-avenue road, stopping at One Hundred and Eleventh street.

WILLIAMS admits men on certificate from teachers.

THERE are eight changes in the Faculty of Williams this year. The fact that President Garfield was a Williams man has been a good advertisement for the College, the Freshman class being unusually large.

CO-EDUCATION exists at nearly two hundred Colleges in this country.

IT is *eleven* this year with our foot-ball team.—*Harvard Advocate*. We shall be satisfied if only it be *one* with ours.

THE Senior class contains eighty-two of its original Freshmen.

PROF. Polit. Econ.—“What word meaning money in Latin shows the fact that formerly cattle were used as a medium of barter?” Junior—“Bullion”—*A-go*.

A NEW magazine appears, from Lehigh University, called *The Lehigh Burr*.

BATTLE CREEK College also sends forth its first paper, which reads more like a Sunday-school publication than a College newspaper.

THE *Yale Courant* publishes a supplement containing the new foot-ball rules.

HARVARD'S boating last year cost her over \$4000; Yale's cost her \$4433.52.

IT is estimated that nine-tenths of the College students are Republicans.—*Hobart Herald*.

JOHNS HOPKINS has conferred LL.D. on Ex-President Hayes.

DIPLOMAS at Princeton cost \$14.50.—*Academica*. An ex-Fellow and post-graduate offers to sell his for \$5.

LESS than one-half the men who enter Cornell graduate.

WILLIAMS has '84 Freshmen; Princeton has 200.—*Madisoniensis*.

“CORNELL has about 125 students in '85, 21 of which are ladies.”—*College World*.

PROF. FREEMAN, the English historian, will deliver a course of ten lectures at Cornell.

“WILLIAMS rejoices in the distinction of being the only Eastern College showing an increased attendance.”—*College Mercury*. Who told you so? Princeton's ratio of increase was thirty per cent. more than any other College.

STUDENTS at Amherst who attend nine-tenths of the recitations are not required to endure the examinations.

COLUMBIA papers are pretty and racy; Yale's are neat and dignified; Harvard's are rather ugly, but very "cultchawed."

BOSTON journals are becoming æsthetic. One of them says that "Byron swam across the H—espont."

HEREAFTER, committees which have reports or resolutions to be printed in the LIT. will please hand them to the editors.

PRINCETON, Oct. 6th, 1881.

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to Almighty God, in His all-wise providence, to remove from among us by death our classmate and fellow-student, Henry W. Manners; and

WHEREAS, We have heard with sorrow of the death of our friend and classmate; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Class of '84 in the College of New Jersey, while yielding to the will of Him who does all things for the best, do hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family in this their affliction; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and published in *The Princetonian* and in THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

WILLIAM M. LANGDON,

WILLIAM ALTON, Jr.,

ALDEN WELLING,

Committee.

HALL OF THE AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY, }
PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 31, 1881. }

WHEREAS, God, in His mysterious and all-wise providence, has seen fit to allow death to enter the household of our honored President, and to remove from us Alexander G. McCosh, a beloved graduate; therefore,

Resolved, That in his death we recognize the loss of an earnest sympathizer in our welfare, and of one who, by his honorable dealing, his wisdom and rare abilities, had gained the esteem of all who knew him; and

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family in this their deep affliction; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the *Princeton Press*, *The Princetonian*, and NASSAU LIT.

J. G. HIBBEN,

THOMAS PEEBLES,

SAMUEL LLOYD,

W. K. SHELBY,

FERD JELKE, JR.,

For the Society.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

We wonder whether it is a common practice with our E. C.'s to put the wickedest man in College on the department devoted to the sayings and doings of other Colleges, or whether he only becomes so in the discharge of his duties. Talk about political canards and newspaper hoaxes, why they are nothing at all to what an able-bodied College editor can get off with a little practice. If there's anything the average gossip man enjoys, it is getting off grinds or working up sensational reports on unsuspecting neighbors. For instance, it has been a dull week, and Smith is behindhand in his work. Plainly something must be done that public favor may be retained. "Well," thinks Smith, "we haven't had anything about Princeton for quite a while; guess I'll have to notice them a little. Let's see, they must have chapel at Princeton; all Presbyterian Colleges do. Wonder if they have it twice a day? Course not, or how could they play foot-ball? Must have had it twice a day and then shut down on it. Wonder when they did it. Recently, of course. Anyway, that'll make a paragraph, 'Princeton has abolished evening chapel.' Might improve on that a little. How about their chapel choir? Might bring in something about a German brass band, but that's not very likely. Ah! I have it; 'Princeton has a paid choir;' that sounds nicely." And then all the other fiends take it up and make various emendations and criticisms of their own, until it finally meets our astonished eyes in the shape of a respectably-sized essay on "the degeneracy and moral turpitude of our age, as illustrated by the deplorable religious status of some of our most influential institutions of learning." Well, what are we going to do about it? Further discussion on this most important topic we reserve for our next issue. In the meantime, let our E. C.'s be careful in printing loose statements and unwarranted inferences about our chapel. Talk about anything else you please, but let that painful subject alone. We don't care how often the "Princeton Ruffian" is dug up and exhibited in all his gory war-paint and feathers to a horror-stricken community. Hit the venerable old sinner as often as you like, but don't insinuate that he's a heathen, and that his darling Glee Club is a professional organization. We have thought it necessary to fix a limit to this style of thing, and so we draw the line at Chapel and Glee Club.

The Freshman Class at Williams College have been undergoing a physical examination, the results of which are printed in the *Athenaeum* for the benefit of the friends and relatives of the sufferers. Up at Lafayette—we say up advisedly, for rumor hath it that there are one hundred and seventy-five steps from the town to the College campus—the Freshmen are required to have only their eyes examined. These statistics have always had a sad and solemn in-

terest for us. Next to Base-Bali Treasurers' reports we prefer them to any other kind of literary pabulum. There's a remarkable element of Final Utility in them, if gotten up on the right principle. Suppose, for instance, a Freshman at Williams—Mr. Smith we will call him—falls down cellar and breaks his arm. We don't know, of course, that they have any cellars up at Williams, but we will not insist on a trifling point like that; a bottomless abyss or anything of like nature will answer our purpose. To return to Mr. Smith. Now, that simple statement doesn't convey much to our mind. The name is familiar, but still there is a vague uncertainty as to this particular Mr. Smith. Now turn to your table of statistics and all becomes clear. When we learn that one hundred and sixty pounds of Freshman, six feet high, and with a ten-inch biceps, has met with the above misfortune, we have something tangible and real to think about. That item is no longer to us an unmeaning account of X Y Z's misfortune. We know Mr. S. now, and can sympathize with him in his great affliction. The Western editor is especially fond of statistics. Next to an eight-column biographical essay they are his joy and pride. Behold, a class is about to graduate and go forth into the wide, wide world. "Aha!" saith the fiend, "here's richness." And then he taketh to himself a partner, and the twain go forth straightway and compel them to come in and get examined. Finally the valuable results are published and presented to the unsuspecting public. Take a specimen.

We are informed, from a thoroughly reliable source, that the Senior class at —— Young Ladies' Seminary weigh precisely two thousand one hundred and seven pounds. Now those figures don't convey anything to us. It's too much. It overpowers one. It resolves itself into the abstruse mathematical problem of given the above data to calculate the number in said Senior class, and metamorphoses in a very off-hand and reckless manner each fair student into some aliquot part of two thousand one hundred and seven pounds avoirdupois.

The trouble with this style of statistics is that they are not definite enough. Something more personal and descriptive is demanded by our advanced civilization. We want every one given dead away, so that we can find them if necessary. It is a cheering fact that this method has been tried and found undeniably successful. Here is a sample selected from the class statistics of '81, in a prominent Female Institute:

Nickname—Peter.
 Extraction—(Hop) Scotch.
 Hair—Raving.
 Church—Hard-Shell Baptist.
 Eyes—Gamboge.
 Politics—What he is.
 Style—"All over."
 Aim—To be an angel.
 Fortune—Face (of course.)

Preferences—To be some one's darling.

Prospects—(?)

Now that's something like. We can comprehend enough about that particular girl to keep at a safe distance. In the ordinary class statistics, this remarkable young lady would be quietly described as part of a class which weighed two thousand one hundred and seven pounds, and was three hundred and fifty-nine years old.

We might still further enlarge on this vast and momentous subject, but the managing editor is leaning over our shoulder to remind us that this style of thing is not exactly *College Gossip*, and that such discussions are entirely out of place. Back, then, to our text.

Amherst has taken a new departure. Last year, as all know, the marking system was done away with, and the students who had attended nine-tenths of the recitations, in a satisfactory manner, were not required to attend examinations. And now the Faculty of that institution have proposed that the students shall elect a representative board of ten undergraduates, before whom all offenders against College laws shall be tried and sentenced. Their decision is liable, of course, to be overruled by the Faculty. Why couldn't this idea be successfully transplanted to New Jersey? A compromise might be made, limiting its functions to lawn tennis and billiard criminals. This plan is intended to teach the Amherst man the science of self-government. Why couldn't some P. G. course on B. B. etiquette be added?

The great West has come to the front again. They have been having a grand oratorical contest out in Illinois, and we regret to say that there has been a serious row in consequence. It appears that several of the Universities of that great State have been in the habit of holding a grand oratorical and B. B. contest and love feast every year. This fall it happened to be the turn of Wesleyan University to act as hosts. Now, not only did these wicked Wesleyan students refuse to provide the usual B. B. game, but they actually charged their guests full admittance at the opera house, and swindled the orators themselves on the "Check your hat and coat, sir?" scheme. And saddest of all, they charged a dollar per plate at the grand complimentary banquet. As might have been expected, the injured parties are very much aggrieved, and there are grave indications of a lively skirmish with the inhospitable Wesleyans. We rejoice to notice, however, that this unpleasantness does not extend to the ladies of the aforesaid institution. It appears that they did all in their power to make the convention a pleasant one all around, and that they were thwarted in their amiable intentions by their masculine fellow students. Alas, that such discord and bickerings should arise. Have the tender and refining influences of co-education no effect on the stony heart of the Wesleyan student? Humble thyself, O, male department of Wesleyan University; acknowledge thy transgressions and be forgiven. You'll have to do it sooner or later, for are not thy "co-eds" on the enemy's side?

EXCHANGES.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth*, Act I., Scene III.

A month has gone, the blissful period of rest is over. The Exchange fiend snatches his quill—not a gray goose, but a stylograph—and thrusts it behind his ear; off goes coat, up go sleeves, all is ready for the plunge. The pile in the corner has been growing with painful rapidity for a month; now to demolish it. He strides across the room, kicks over the pile and bears off an armful at random. The result—behold it.

Yale comes in for the first notice with a regular battalion front—*Lit.*, *Courant*, *Record*, *News*. We want to thank the *Lit.* first and foremost for a great kindness it has done us and the world at large. Its courage is great, and we appreciate it. "What is this kindness" do you ask? We are half afraid to tell, lest we should not be believed. We know no editor of a College paper would believe us for a moment. But the fact is that there is not a single take-off on Wilde or Patience in the *Lit.* Oh! happy *Lit.* But the *Record*, the *Courant*, the *News*? We tremble at the bare memory. We heard that foot-ball was on the decline at Yale, and we did not believe it. But now—yes, we will believe anything under the sun. We don't doubt it would be dreadful to be beaten at foot-ball by Yale, but for solid infliction to the square yard of surface, are inclined to think it would be a trifle less severe than this kind of thing. We have conceived the *News* everything imaginable and a few more, and if she makes any more demands on our conceptions we are prepared to—yes, we will—never mind what, but something awful will happen.

We quote the following from a very dramatic story in the *Record*. "I," said the second, handing his pasteboard to the Professor, 'am a Princeton man.' 'And do you dare to affirm that you have an entry to good society?' said the Professor. 'Hush!' said he of the orange and black, 'I am not on the foot-ball team.' "Yes, we always knew that the associations of our foot-ball team were not very good at Yale. Says the same paper, "We have noticed with pleasure a growing tendency in our contributors to employ a lighter vein of thought." We are glad that Yale is coming down to the level of the rest of us. If the general run of articles in most of our exchanges should become any lighter, surely they would vanish into thin air.

But to return to the *Lit.* It has a very sensible and well-put article on the necessity of Yale extending her influence over the South. The question is one of vital importance, and we hope that Yale will have the power of doing

a good work in the regeneration of the South. The criticism of Mallock's "Romance of the Nineteenth Century," is very good and eminently just. Says the writer, "Is this the romance of the nineteenth century—a century in which Thackeray and George Eliot have lived to depict men and manners? Or is it the peculiar privilege of that society which this novel delineates, to call itself the fruit *par excellence* of the nineteenth century? Indeed these half-philosophers (and Mallock would seem to identify himself with them,) find much of their unhappiness in the mistaken idea that this age is the consummation of the world's progress." We could wish that our exchanges gave us more criticisms of a like kind. As a whole, we think the *Lit.* hardly attains its usual excellence.

We quote the following from the *Williams Argo*:

HER BUCKLE SHOE RONDO, 1800.

Her buckle shoe ye bootman dyd
Make of ye smooth, soft skyn of kyd;
Cut low, ye sylk hose to reveale;
Trym, taper-toed: and for ye heel
A daynte, upturned pyramid.

Full lyghtlye o'er ye floor she slyd—
(When at ye hall ye festyve fyd—
Dle called ye couples for the reel)—

Her buckle shoe.

Ye youth doth love that leathern lyd,
'Neath whych fyve small, pyuk toes are hyd
Lyke lyttle myee who never squeale,
They have some corn, perdle! I feele
Ye wycked cause of thatt—*et id*:

Her buckle shoe.

Somehow the Princeton man seems to be very much on the mind of some of our exchanges. The *Columbia Spectator* relieves itself of this weight in an article entitled "The Grandson of Peter de Brown Jones Petingil," from which we make a few extracts: "An air of unconscious power and superiority proclaimed him a College man, possibly a fresh man; while the marvellous standing dickey, wound six times around his neck, with the end tucked in, identified him at once as a Princetonian."

"'Awful pity they don't have the College regattas here, (Saratoga lake,) now,' said Regy. 'Lots of fun,' he went on, 'and lots of fellows and girls, of course. Princeton never wins; but then some other College does, and there's lots of betting, and if a man only gets good points he can stand in to make a pile.' 'Why don't Princeton ever win?' naively inquired his fair companion. 'Oh! well, you see, we haven't any proper place to practice—nothing but a plagney old canal!' 'Good gracious! isn't it ever so dangerous?' asked Miss D. 'Oh! no; it's so sheltered by houses and trees, and things, that it never gets very rough; and even if the boat should upset, a fellow wouldn't have far to swim, unless he should get going longitudinally, and then, of course, he might have to swim for miles.' 'Oh! I didn't mean storms,' she replied; 'I was thinking of tow-lines!'"

The *College Argus* rejoices over the recent gift of \$100,000 to Wesleyan University, by George I. Seney, the proceeds of which are to go to forty prize scholarships. Sixteen of these are to be awarded to the Freshmen, and eight to each of the other classes. Surely there will not be a man in the University who would look at a prize without one. Prizes are very good things in their way, but when they become so numerous, they grow common, and lose their real value, which surely consists, not in their monetary value, but in the honor of which they are the badge.

The last number of the *Amherst Student* is far below its usual standard, the editorials are weak; the literary department opens with a nondescript poem which looks as if it had started out for a sonnet, and had not gotten there. The remainder consists of one of those things of soul-stirring interest, a second-prize class essay, another poem, a report of athletic games, and that dreadful serial. Serial stories are, in our humble opinion, out of place in a College paper, and yet they all try their hand at them. We are inclined to think "Little Annie and her Friends" the worst of a bad class that we have seen in many a day.

Even the Harvard *Crimson* has caught the craze, and commenced a serial in its last number, and it promises to be no exception to the general rule.

The *Advocate* and *Crimson* are in a snarl over the tennis and lacrosse trouble. The *Advocate* seems to be the organ of the tennis party; the *Crimson* of the lacrosse. And so they wage a war of words. It is hard to say which one has the best of the talk. The lacrosse seem to have the best of the actual contest, as they have possession. Let the *Advocate* and *Crimson* remember that it is well for brethren to dwell together in peace.

The *Dartmouth* comes to us in a new cover, which adds very much to its appearance. Magazines are like people, never injured by a handsome exterior, however fine the inner man may be. We have enjoyed this number more than any for a long time. It has been peculiarly fortunate this time in its clippings; but the two and more pages of *Memoranda Alumnorum* is a dreary waste.

The *Brunonian* is better than usual in the last issue, and the number is a highly creditable one. It is in great glee over two new departures. First, mortar-boards; second, foot-ball. The last is an undoubted good, and no College is perfect without it; the former are much less essential to either the intellectual or physical welfare of the College. Still, perhaps, they are not an unmixed evil, as they are said to be very becoming to some men. So we wish them all joy of them. It gives its readers the benefit of a tremendously long, and, we doubt not, highly patriotic and enthusing editorial on the Yorktown celebration. We have not had the courage to assail it, or we might speak more decidedly.

Cap and Gown comes from the far southland, viz., from the University of the South, and is about as poor as it well could be. The articles are of an insipid school-boy character, that is awful to contend with. We hope that every number is not as utterly unreadable as the last.